

Quote

THE WEEKLY DIGEST

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WITHIN THE WEEK

The formal end of the European war is probably very near—or very far away.

If there is any chance for an armistice and a temporary German gov't under the Russian captive, Marshal Frederick von Paulus, it should come now—quickly—before the fall of Berlin. Some profess a hope that German surrender is now possible, tho Hitler's anniversary speech holds no hint of such action.

The Nazi position has been hopeless since D-Day. It became fantastically untenable with von Rundstedt's failure to re-take the port of Antwerp. One Washington official said this wk: "The fall of Berlin... would... be no more a signal for German capitulation than would the fall of Moscow have signaled Russian defeat." This is true only in a limited sense. Russia, in her crisis, had vast productive capacity beyond Moscow, huge reserves of manpower, the industrial resources of America. Germany, stripped of industry, drained of manpower, can offer little beyond feudal resistance. And yet a few hundred thousand men might fight fanatically for a long time to come.

PHILIPPINES: History books of the future will record our landing at Subic bay as a brilliant tho bloodless military feat. By this move we insure the early recovery

of Bataan. Our successful conquest of Luzon is now clearly marked. This means more than you may have imagined. It is, of course, the key to all the Philippines. But it is more even than that. Its occupation signalizes control of the South China Sea. If you will turn to your map you will see that this is one of the most significant stretches of water in the world. It connects Japan's vast colonial empire with the home islands. Thru these waters Japan has drawn raw materials for her factories.

But the South China Sea is also the channel thru which we shall presently make substantial landings on the China coast.

It now appears that the last stand of the Japs on Luzon will be in the mountain region. All efforts at reinforcement have failed, due to the superiority of our air and sea power.

RFC FUTURE: Apparently Mr Wallace has very little chance to preside over destinies of RFC. But Washington insiders point out that this probably isn't long-range gain for conservative element. President doubtless will appoint "Wallace-minded" executive to administer RFC. Vast resources will be used, it seems certain, to further New Deal philosophy of gov't, regardless of who may be administrator.



SHIFTING SANDS

Figure of 18,000 American troops AWOL in Europe, quoted last wk, doesn't mean much. This is accumulated total of all who failed to answer roll-call during Dec. Some were delayed in transit, others in process of transfer, etc. Actual delinquents probably not over 2000-3000 which is about normal percentage, compared with last war. Matter of fact, after armistice, our desertions were good deal higher than that. . . From now on, you can expect ODT to tighten on conventions. Out of 112 recent applications to meet, 110 were reported denied. . . Part of current coal shortage traces to gov't stockpiles built to insure continuous war production if Lewis orders mine strike this spring. . . Threat of induction seems to be keeping 4-F's from quitting essential jobs. And some firms report "wholesale" job applications by 4-F's. Draft bds, the country over, have reclassified a few thousand from 4-F to 1-A because of chronic job-jumping.



FOR THOSE WHO WILL NOT BE MENTALLY MAROONED

Quote

"HE WHO NEVER QUOTES, IS NEVER QUOTED"

Charles Haddon Spurgeon

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"We ourselves will judge our torturers and this we will entrust to nobody."—ILYA EHRENBURG, Russian author and lecturer.

"The U S is determined to gamble on the wishful assumption that American resources will eventually wear down Japan."—SADAO IGUCHI, Japanese spokesman.

"I was looking for contentment."—FRANCIS VAN WIE, 58-yr-old San Francisco streetcar conductor, accused of having married 11 wives. He complained of a miscount; could remember only 6 of them.

"More and more Japs are destined to assume a recumbent position in this war."—Gen'l JOSEPH W STILLWELL, recently assigned by War Dep't to command Army ground forces.

"I have to do something to make a living."—Capt JOHN HOWARD RUGLES, who has been special pilot for Prime Minister WINSTON CHURCHILL on many historic flights, discharged from RAF because of back injury, was found working as an iceman in San Francisco.

"The army has made crack marksmen out of many youths who, before entering the armed forces, had never fired a gun."—Dr P F ENGLISH, Pa State College, predicting that postwar U S will have largest army of game hunters in nation's history.

"I guess Sinatra doesn't have all the fans in Chicago."—ALAN LADD, mobbed by 300 teen-aged admirers in Chicago's Dearborn St station, who tore his clothes and their own attempting to get autographs or "just touch him."

"(The Mayor) does give the impression of having a very generous caloric intake."—C G KING, director of Nutrition Foundation, who checked nutritional content of Italian dish, *pasta faggioli*, suggested by Mayor LA GUARDIA as a meat substitute. (The Mayor claimed that after eating it he has "to go on a very strict diet for the next week.")

"MAY WE

Quote

YOU ON THAT?"

"I got all I wanted while raising it."—CHARLES MCINTYRE, retired tobacco grower, who has never smoked nor chewed tobacco.

"I guess I just ran out of altitude."—Comdr WILLIAM R ("Killer") KANE, Navy pilot, hauled out of the ocean for the 3rd time.

"I see more discourtesy, incompetence and dishonesty when I travel around the country than there has ever been before."—CHANNING POLLOCK, well-known author and lecturer on recent tour.

"I wouldn't be much good at crying 'Oyez' now. I'm rusty. Too much 'Hup, two, three, foah.'"—Pvt JOHN A KENNING, Camp Blanding, Fla, former deputy marshal and crier of U S Supreme Court.

"But I'm not complaining about that—I was delighted."—Mrs CHAS B SMITH, Los Angeles, Calif. Filing suit for divorce, she explained to court that while her marriage lasted only 2 mo's, 10 days, she lost 10 lbs as result of her husband's conduct.

"I can't understand how the film could be right for Americans and wrong for liberated peoples."—LESTER COWAN, Hollywood producer, whose film *Tomorrow the World*, dealing with the reclamation of a Nazi thru kindness, OWI has refused to accept for overseas showing. (While Writer's War Board accords film negative rating of "3 Dud Bombs", the Hollywood Writers Mobilization notified COWAN that he he will receive their "First Writers Award for distinguished film achievement.")

"If victory means a distribution of spoils, the United States will be the loser." — DOROTHY THOMPSON, columnist.

"I wouldn't want to do it every night!" — Mrs JAMES W EHRMEN-TRAUT, of Churchill, N Y, after bunking 108 storm-stranded motorists overnight in her 9-room farmhouse.

"It is labor's job to see that a permanent peace for the people results and not a peace for few grabbing capitalists in any one country."—SIDNEY HILLMAN, chairman, Political Action Committee.

"I used to run a kitchen at Vassar college where the gals liked fancy food and plenty of frills. I can say the quality of Army chow is at least as good if not better than we served at Vassar." — Staff Sgt ERNEST DORSCH, Poughkeepsie, N Y.

"I'll come home and pay the gov't \$50 a month if they'll just let me stay here and work in a nice war plant."—Cpl FRANK KORDASIEWICZ, of Philadelphia, one of recent contingent of soldiers ret'd from Western Front for 30-day merit furloughs.

"The people at home know the score. When a bullet hits Joe Doakes of Los Angeles, it hurts 11,000,000 mothers and fathers all over the country. If anybody tells you the people at home don't care—he's a liar."—BILL UNDERWOOD, a GI serving with U S 1st Army in Belgium, just ret'd from 30-day furlough spent at his home, Cambridge, Ill.

"Look at a prize dumbbell!"—BERT EDWIN DONOVAN, Chicago. At 62, DONOVAN was arrested last wk for passing worthless checks; faces imprisonment perhaps for the rest of his life. "I'm a seaman," philosophised BERT, who has spent nearly a quarter of his life in jail. "I'm a guy that likes to have a lot of space around me—miles and miles of water, and a clean wind blowing smack in my kisser. And here I am in a dirty little cell I can hardly turn around in."

"I don't see where there is anything very awful about it."—Marine Col JAMES ROOSEVELT, at whose request a Union Pacific train was delayed in Chicago an hr and 7 min that he might make connections. The lost time was made up on the trip west.

Bedtime, Joe?

"To choose one's victim; prepare one's plans minutely; to slake an implacable vengeance, and then to go to bed—there is nothing sweeter in the world."—JOS STALIN, in a long-ago interview with foreign correspondent EUGENE LYON.

"My, they've arrived."—Audible murmurs of several persons in audience when 6 Russian officers walked down the aisle to take seats at the Paris opera the other night.

"I am amazed to think that there is no one in your entire executive entourage who knows how not to humiliate the flag."—GRIDLEY ADAMS, chairman of Nat'l Flag Code Committee, in angry letter to FDR charging that Old Glory was "disgraced" on Inauguration Day by being flown below the platform on which the ceremonies were held.

"To Russian Patrols: Please do not shoot friendly troops beyond this point."—Sign erected by Canadian troops in Holland, facing German pillboxes. Mbrs of 1st Canadian Army painted sign after listening to broadcast of Russian victories—partly to exercise sense of humor, partly for propaganda effect on the enemy.

"Oh, I just never got around to bothering the President."—J CRESWELL YOUNG, Washington real estate broker, asked why he had not pressed 26-yr-old claim for winning bet against FDR. In 1919, YOUNG bet FDR, then Asst Sec'y of the Navy, that he would one day be president. FDR bet a hat against the prediction; last week sent YOUNG a pearl-gray fedora to even the score.

"I hope you're saving your money, Eddie. This sort of thing can't go on forever."—MRS ISABELLE HORTON, mother of EDW EVERETT HORTON, comedian, while viewing his latest picture in Hollywood.

"We've been accumulating it for an emergency — and here's the emergency." — JOHN J SCHAEFFER, Cleveland, Ohio relief bureau, offering 250-300 cords of waste wood to persons certified by emergency coal committee.

"We really haven't anything against holding a prom. The whole thing was strictly personal."—MARGARET SEVERNS, one of two U of Wisc coeds who picketed the '45 junior prom wearing signs, "No prom for Me. My Guy's in Burma."

"Every man and woman at age 60 should show cause why he or she should continue to exist. If continued existence doesn't in some measure benefit the community, then—the lethal chamber."—MAJ ARTHUR CORBETT-SMITH, English author who committed suicide recently at age 67.

"Gee, it really shoots!"—JEFFREY ELLIS, 4-yr-old resident of Fairmount, W Va, commenting on a revolver which he fired in City Nat'l bank, while officials ducked for cover, turned in alarms. (While his mother was busy at a teller's window, JEFF took over a neighboring cage, found the revolver, pulled the trigger.)

"It is no justification to say that civilians should not travel unnecessarily. The law is that they have as much right to travel as Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt, the Hollywood Communists who went to Washington to celebrate their 4th term victory, or the 300 mbrs of the 1,000 Club, whose trip (to the inaugural) consumed the equivalent of a 14-car Pullman train to and from the capital. . . If such people have the right of assembly, so have that great and faceless multitude whom these patronizing and self-recognized superiors refer to as 'the little people'."—WESTBROOK PEGLER, holding forth on his favorite theme, the abuse of power in high places.

"It is pluperfect hell."—Lt Col C H PRUNTY, of Wamego, Kan, describing the fighting on Western Front.

"That's all that's left of the cow."—JOHN PLEVKIN, retail butcher of Bridgeport, Conn, tired of saying "no meat today," hung up cow's tail with ribbon around it and a sign.

"They are very popular now; they don't burn gas."—LEW WENZ, Ponca City, Okla, Republican Nat'l committeeman, commenting on his hobby, the breeding of Shetland ponies.

"What stands out, as you read—at least to me—is that one man is looking backward and the other man is looking forward."—ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, discussing JESSE JONES and HENRY A WALLACE, in her newspaper col, *My Day*.

"It's my wife's idea."—F ALEXANDER MAGOUN, prof of human relations, Mass Inst of Technology, author of forthcoming book proclaiming 2-point formula for being happy tho married: 1) Make each other laugh at least once a day. 2) Never get tired at the same time.



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MINING THE MAGAZINES

Jobs for All—HENRY A WALLACE, *New Republic*, 1-29-'45.

"Jobs for all" should and will be the economic battle cry of the world for the next 20 yrs. . .

As the common man, the economist and the statesman look toward the future, they know that supreme emphasis must be placed on full use of all resources to raise the standard of living of all the world. We know the productive potentialities are enormous. And this knowledge must make for daring economic projections and bold statesmanship to bring our objectives about.

We must have the courage of certain gov't economists who, back in '40, when most of us thought \$100 billion output improbable, cited a firm statistical base for thinking that in 2 yrs we could raise our annual output to the present equivalent of nearly \$200 billion.

The war has yet to be won, and that is our 1st preoccupation. Nevertheless, the 79th Congress will undoubtedly carry the responsibility for devising full-employment legislation. Looking ahead, economists must anticipate the type of statistics that will be req'd. They must meet with business, farm and labor leaders who are eager to see the U S go ahead with full steam. In the economy of the future, the only true nat'l deficit will be labor unemployed. The essential idea is that the gov't is ultimately responsible for full employment and can discharge its responsibility only by planning to synchronize its programs with the programs of private enterprise so that the whole nat'l income will be maintained at the full-employment level.

ABSENTEEISM

Absenteeism makes the duration grow longer.—MILTON BERLE.

ART—Artists

The celebrated Greek artist, Zeuxis, painted a picture of a boy carrying a basket of grapes, and so lifelike were the grapes that the birds flew down and pecked them. Friends of the painter exclaimed over this wonderful manifestation of his genius, but Zeuxis was bitterly disappointed in his work.

"The boy must be very poorly painted," he confessed, sadly, "else his presence would have frightened the birds away from the grapes."—*Townsend Nat'l Wkly.*

CENSORSHIP—Folly of

We are told the public must not hear the seamy side of war, or the wives and mothers would worry themselves to death. . . Women are realists, and if they know the need they will measure up.

Do leaders imagine American mothers would prefer to have their sons exposed to greater danger or prolonged fighting, just to spare their feelings by censoring the truth out of the news? If they do, they don't know the women who bore those fighting sons.

Let us have the truth—we want it and we can take it.—ALBERT S Goss (Master, Nat'l Grange), editorial in *Farm Jnl*, 2-'45.

CHILD CARE

Any man who is content seeing children of his own district safe and well, not considering the millions of under-privileged ones throughout the country is a domestic isolationist.—KATHERINE LENROOT, chief, U S Children's Bureau.

COURTESY

The fighting on Saipan was furious when a Marine officer gave an order on a field telephone to a forward observation post. "Got it?" he snapped. "Yes," came the reply, "Thank you very much."

The officer exclaimed, "No Marine in combat would ever say that. The Japs are on our wire." They were.—*Parade.*

DEBT

Jimmy Durante prepares this financial report: Owe \$50—you're a

piker. Owe \$50,000—you're a businessman. Owe \$50,000,000—you're a tycoon. Owe \$50,000,000,000—you're a guvvinment.—WALTER WINCHELL, syndicated col.

Bridge of Sighs

After 2 wks of a solid diet of fish, a disgusted husband demanded to know what had happened to the family's red points.

"Well, dear," cooed his unabashed wife, "it's just that I haven't held an ace for a month, and I've lost them all to the girls at the bridge club."—*Reader's Scope.*

DECEPTIONS—Dangers of

It is in our efforts to deceive others that we so often come to grief. Like the nearsighted girl. Determined that her lover should not learn of her defect, the gal planned an elaborate strategy.

One day, when her lover was due to call, she placed a pin in a tree about 50 ft from a bench where she was certain they would sit.

Later, she remarked quite casually, "Oh, look at the pin in that tree over there!"

The boy was incredulous. Such eyesight, he persisted was phenomenal. "Then come with me," the girl invited, "and I'll prove it's a pin."

She grabbed him by the hand, and they started for the tree. But on the way, she stumbled over a cow and broke her leg.—*Canning Trade*, hm, Canning & Allied Industries.

DRINK—Drinking

One great nation has a law, prominently posted in places where people get drunk. It reads: "It is prohibited to play or listen to the nat'l anthem in cabarets, taverns, or any other place where alcoholic drinks are served."

We wish that was in the U S, but it isn't. Mexico!—*Christian Herald.*

EXPERIENCE

The school of experience never changes; it always has and always will issue its diplomas on the roughest grade of sandpaper!—*Magazine Digest.*

FAILURE—Thru Personality

A study of 4,375 men who had failed to hold their positions has been made by the Bureau of Vocational Guidance of Harvard Univ. Approx 1/2 of the failures were due to lack of technical knowledge, while 1/2 were due to destructive personalities such as failure to co-operate, absenteeism, unreliability, laziness, trouble-making, drinking, violation of rules, carelessness, listed in order of importance.—GLENN CARDINER, *Mgt Information*.

GERMAN—Character

It was the same old song. How many times had I heard it before from all those German prisoners of war, none of whom had ever been a Nazi at heart, none of whom had ever fired a shot, and none of whom doubted the shining innocence of the German people!

"Resistance," went the burden of the song, "is humanly impossible. Every German is watched over by two Nazis."

Yes, in one breath these Germans would tell you that Nazism was kept alive in Germany by a mere handful of hated fanatics; in the next, that every German was watched over by two Nazis!—ERIKA MANN, "Our Newest Problem—German Civilians," *Liberty*, 2-3-'45.

GOVERNMENT

If anyone... does not believe that a managed economy is compatible with political democracy and civil liberties, some mistake has been made... We do not have to assume its eternal truth, but without it as a working hypothesis we can do little... but toss a dilapidated ball of argument around the same old dusty circle.—STUART CHASE, *Survey Graphic*.

LAW—Lawyers

One day the late Max Steuer, famous N Y lawyer, was walking down the street when he met a friend to whom he had recently given some very simple council and to whom he had sent his usual not-so-modest bill.

"Nice day, isn't it?" said the friend, and then, hastily, "but I'm not asking you, I'm telling you."—*Bridge World*.

LEISURE

Millions long for immortality who do not know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon.—*Magazine Digest*.

MARRIED LIFE

It takes a great sense of humor for a woman to be happily married to a Capricornian. That also goes for those married to men born under the other 11 signs of the zodiac.—E V DURLING, syndicated col.

Oke?

Friend of ours, a matron serving on the board of the League of Women Voters, has been much interested in the Dumbarton Oaks conference. Learning that a pamphlet had been printed on the subject she wrote the gov't printing office at Washington asking for a copy.

In due time came a response stating that the Dumbarton Oaks pamphlet was not yet in print, "but," the communication added helpfully, "we suggest that you might be interested in another pamphlet which we have available." Enclosed was a pamphlet on the conditioning of oak furniture.

POLITICS

Webster's Biographical Dictionary, which lists the lives of all kinds of people, from Moses to John Kieran, finds it necessary to state in the *Explanatory Notes*: "It should be noted that the word *Politician* is used in the Dictionary in the gen'l meaning of 'a person engaged in politics' and has no derogatory implications."—*PM*.

PRICE CONTROL—History

Price control existed in Beaufort County, N C, even before the American Revolution. The records of the county court at Chapel Hill reveal that innkeepers were ordered to make the following "Maximum charges:" "Lodging for night, 16¢; hot dinner, 32¢; cold dinner, 16¢; hot supper, 25¢; cold supper, 16¢; breakfast, 16¢; 24-hr pasturage for horse, 8¢; Madera wine, per qt, \$1.50."—*Bread & Butter*.



**CONFIDENTIALLY
THRU A
MEGAPHONE**

Manufacturers of trademarked items are deeply concerned over matter of grade labeling. Of course this isn't new issue, but it has been given new impetus by certain CIO unions taking leadership. To counteract, the manufacturers are enlarging research and educational activities of their propaganda agency, Brand Names Research Foundation. Many nat'l advertisers will chime in with magazine and radio campaigns to exploit descriptive labeling.

Full effect of butter shortage is not yet apparent. Many dairy herds have been decimated due to labor shortages. Heifers aren't being raised to replace old cows, so situation will grow progressively worse.

Telephone companies say current practices of bobby sox contingent are threatening effectiveness of service. The kids tie up party lines for hours, getting lessons together via telephone. Another common practice is to play phonograph records to each other, with the telephone receiver down. Advertising is being planned to discourage such thoughtless practices.

Columbia U has just concluded survey for Subscription Radio, which proposes non-commercial programs. A thousand New Yorkers were asked if they'd pay 5¢ a day for programs without commercials. A third said yes. (Programs would have a "pig-squeal" which only subscribing sets could eliminate.)

American Newspaper Publishers Ass'n has just released report showing newspaper advertising in support of war effort (i.e., space donated by advertisers) totaled over \$40 million for 1st 10 mo's of '44.



FABRICS: One of O Henry's characters donned a monk's robe to avoid pants that bagged at the knees. Now, chemists have come to the rescue of such sartorially sensitive souls. Monsanto Chemical Co offers *Syton*, a dispersion of minute particles of silica in water. Applied sparingly to a fabric and allowed to dry, dispersion leaves upon the surface of each fiber layer of submicroscopic particles. Resulting non-skid fibers stay in place, stabilizing fabric without stiffening. (*Industrial Bulletin*, ARTHUR D LITTLE, Inc)

HEATING — Ventilating: Early postwar offering will be portable radiator that can be plugged into a wall socket to produce steam heat. (*Grit*)

PHOTOGRAPHY: New waterproof photographic printing paper used by U S Air Forces may revolutionize postwar photography. Prints can be wiped dry with cloth; no waiting for them to dry. (*Popular Photography*)

PRODUCTS: Rope that will float from 1 to 10 days in fresh or salt water has been pat'd in Britain. Primary use: life and landing lines. Can be made luminous for night rescue work. (*Foreign Commerce Wkly*)

SERVICE—Public: Postal notes—simplified form of money-order—are now on sale in domestic post-offices. Good for am'ts from one cent to \$10. Flat service charge of 5¢. Tell issuing clerk sum you wish to send. Example: \$2.73. He takes \$2 note, pastes on stamps totaling 73¢. You pay the clerk, fill in name of recipient, detach your receipt, mail the note in any envelope. Cashable at any post office.

PROBLEM—Solution

Those who now want peacetime conscription see only one problem. In solving that one they would create ten. Like the camper who, having made his coffee, ran out of fuel. He lit a fringe of dry grass and held his frying pan over the moving blaze; then when his eggs were cooked he found himself a mile and a half from his coffee.—WM K ANDERSON, "Is There a Doctor in the House?" *Pastor's Journal*, 1 & 2-'45.

RELIGION—and Peace

You may think that I am ultra-idealistic. You may be cynical and may scoff. But we can have charters, and we can have conferences; we can go thru all the maneuvers and theories, but only one thing can assure enduring peace. There is no solution save in the rule of Christ alone. Religion is the only thing that will do it. The love of man for man.—Sen CHAS WM TOBEY, of New Hampshire, debating America's War and Peace aims on the radio program, *Town Meeting of the Air*.

SABBATH—Observance

During Gen'l Grant's famous trip around the world honors were showered upon him in every country. In Paris, the French President invited him to be his guest at a great racing event set for Sunday. Though it was considered the height of discourtesy to refuse such invitation—an act before unheard of—Gen'l Grant, in a very polite note declining the honor, said: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my country or with the spirit of my religion to spend Sunday in that way." On that Sunday this great hero was one of the quiet worshippers in the American Chapel in Paris.—*The Link*, 1-'45.

SEABEES

It has been reported, although there may be a tinge of Yankee exaggeration to it, that the swift work of the Seabees is causing complications. The Seabees build roads so fast that the Japs, so it is said, are using them to retreat on.—*Liberty*.

TALENT—Utilizing

Some people build chicken houses and some build cathedrals. The important thing is to do your work as well as you can. If it is going to be a chicken house, make it one that hens can live in.—ROSEMARY TAYLOR, author of *Chicken Every Sunday*.

TIME—Value of

Yesterday is a canceled check; tomorrow is a promissory note; today is ready cash—spend it wisely.—*Typographic*.



IT'S AN
IDEA!

There is a basis on which labor relations could be stabilized over a long term. Take a 10-cent can-opener. An accountant can break down its price—so much for materials, so much for labor, so much for overhead, so much for distribution, etc. Why not decide now, for the next decade, what percentage equitably belongs to capital and to labor? You would not be freezing wages and dividends, but only their relationship to each other. Both could increase as more business was done. Savings made in other cost factors could be shared by capital and labor as a pro-rata bonus. The country would recognize the inherent fairness of such an arrangement. Agitators who still sought to upset the apple-cart would get short shrift at the court of public opinion.—From a bulletin of Continental Bank & Trust Co, of N Y.

VIEWPOINT

Jap communique: "This morning our honorable Imperial Heavy Cruiser Hashimoro Skippy Maru destroyed 2 American torpedoes."—*Opportunity*.

WAR—Winning

War is fought in the headlines, but won on the back pages in the little stories you never read.—COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MACBAIN, "Jungle Taxis," *This Wk*, 1-14-'45.

"Frankie is a great help . . ."

The new book by JOHN STEINBECK, Cannery Row (Viking, \$2), isn't a novel. It is a collection of character sketches, rather in the spirit of Tortilla Flat. There's Doc, of Western Biological ("You can order anything living from Western Biological and sooner or later you will get it.") There's Dora and her girls, of the Bear Flag Restaurant ("... the stories are many of people who have gone in for a sandwich.") There's the Palace Flophouse & Grill. And there is—Frankie.

Frankie began coming to Western Biological when he was 11 yrs old. Finally one day Doc spoke to him. "What's your name, son?"

"Frankie."

"Why aren't you in school?"

"They don't want me there."

"Your hands are dirty. Don't you ever wash?"

Frankie looked stricken and then went to the sink and scrubbed his hands and always afterwards he scrubbed his hands almost raw every day.

Doc, by a telephone call, established that what Frankie said was true. They didn't want him in school. He couldn't learn and there was something a little wrong with his co-ordination. His parents, or parent, wouldn't pay for his keep in an institution. So Frankie spent his days at the laboratory. Sometimes he crawled in the excelsior crate and slept.

Doc clipped Frankie's hair and got rid of the lice. At Lee Chong's he got him a new pr of overalls and a striped sweater. Frankie became his slave. "I love you," he said. "Oh, I love you."

Frankie tried to help with grad-ing crawfish for size. But he couldn't do it. Size relationships just didn't get thru to him. "Look, Frankie," Doc would say, "put them beside your finger like this so you'll know which ones are this long. See?" Frankie tried and the perspiration stood on his forehead. When Doc went upstairs Frankie crawled in the excelsior box and didn't come out all afternoon.

Better than anything else, Frankie loved it when there were parties upstairs in the laboratory. One afternoon he did a desperate thing. There was a small party in the laboratory. Doc was in the kitchen pouring beer. Frankie grabbed a glass of beer, rushed it thru the door, and gave it to a girl sitting in a big chair.

She took the glass and said, "Why, thank you," and she smiled at him.

And Doc coming thru the door said, "Yes, Frankie is a great help to me."

Frankie couldn't forget that. He did the thing in his mind over and over, just how he had taken the glass and just how the girl sat and then her voice—"Why, thank you," and Doc, "a great help to me—Frankie is a great help to me—Frankie is a great help—" . . .

He knew a big party was coming because Doc bought steaks and a great deal of beer. A great plan had formed in Frankie's mind and he could see just how it would be.

Frankie had to wait until he had the kitchen to himself. He worked very quietly—first the tray—then get out the glasses without breaking any. Now fill them with beer, let the foam settle, then fill again.

Now he was ready. He took a great breath and opened the door. The music and the talk roared around him. He picked up the tray of beer and walked thru the door. He knew how. He went straight toward the young woman who had thanked him before. And then right in front of her the thing happened. The co-ordination failed. The hands fumbled, the panicked muscles, the nerves telegraphed to a dead operator. Tray and beer collapsed forward into the young woman's lap. For a moment Frankie stood still. And then he turned and ran. They could hear him run downstairs and go into the cellar.

Doc walked quietly down the stairs and into the cellar. Frankie was in the excelsior box burrowed down clear to the bottom, with the pile of excelsior on top of him. Doc could hear him whimpering there. Doc waited for a moment and then he went quietly back upstairs.

There wasn't a thing in the world he could do.



GEMS FROM

Yesteryear

Rob't Bruce's March to Bannockburn

ROB'T BURNS

Our selection is in the nature of a double memorial. ROB'T BURNS, who wrote these stirring lines, was born 186 yrs ago last wk. And it was 639 yrs ago this wk—in early Feb—that ROB'T BRUCE, greatest of the Kings of Scotland, began his long campaign to wrest Scottish independence from England.

Although it was in 1306 that Bruce 1st claimed the throne and assembled his vassals at Lochmaben Castle, it was 1328 before the treaty was finally signed. At Bannockburn, Bruce, with 30,000 Scots gained victory over Edward II with 100,000 English.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's
power—

Chains and Slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a Slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's King and Law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand and free-man fa',
Let him on wi' me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your Sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud Userpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!—
Let us Do or Die!

It seems that a girl and a boy were madly in love. So great was their love, in fact, that when fate separated them and sent the boy to a distant city, he telegraphed messages of his devotion and affection each morning. Every day for 3 yrs, the same Western Union messenger boy knocked on the girl's door bearing the message of undying love. At the end of 3 yrs they were married—the girl and the Western Union boy.

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Nine yr old Raul Castillo, mbr of Children's Safety club, Mexico City, takes his duties seriously. He recently directed a traffic policeman to a car parked in the middle of the st.

Writing out a ticket the cop asked Raul if he knew who owned the car.

“I should say so!” said the lad proudly. “It belongs to my papa!” —*Tiempo*, (Mexico City).



OF THE WEEK

The ciggie shortage is so bad that Philip Morris is now calling for Chesterfields! — *Hollywood Reporter*.

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Nippon can now be referred to as the land of the writhing sun.—*Army & Navy*.

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The modern girl's hair may look like a mop, but that doesn't worry her—she doesn't know what a mop looks like.—*Mobile WelFarer*.

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Remember when we used to worry which side our bread was buttered on?—*Lone Star*.

GOOD STORIES YOU CAN USE

I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE

HAROLD E (“Red”) GRANGE

In one of my early scrimmages as an Illinois freshman, Bert Ingwersen, then coach, called me out of the backfield:

“Red,” he said, “you’re leaning every time your signal is called. You’re tipping off the other side just where you’re going to carry the ball.”

I looked at him in surprise and replied:

“Coach, I don’t know how I could possibly be tipping off the opposition. I don’t even know myself where I’m going with the ball!”

A salesman making a 2-wks’ stay in town, bought some limburger cheese to eat in his room. When he got ready to leave, he still had about half of the cheese left. He didn’t want to pack it nor did he want to leave it lying in the room. He went over to the windowsill, carefully removed a plant from its pot, buried the cheese and replaced the plant. A few days later, he rec’d a telegram from the hotel: “We give up, where did you put it?”—*The Line*, hm Line Material Company.

A businessman instructed his stenographer to indicate the zone when addressing letters. She obeyed. On each letter she wrote: “Temperate Zone.”

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Five-year-old Barbara was saying her prayers. After she finished her regular prayer she said, “God bless the soldiers, God bless the sailors,” and so forth naming every branch of the service. Finally when she could think of no more she said, “And (this with a rush) God bless the mothers who are staying home saving their grease.”—*The Parents’ Magazine*.

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An Englishman ret’d to London from the country a few wks ago and found his town house pretty well shattered as the result of a direct hit next door. As he stood at the top of his steps, contemplating the rubble in his front hall, an elderly man trotted up, removed his bowler and coughed apologetically. “Good morning, sir,” he said. “I have called about the beetles in your kitchen.”—*New Yorker*.

